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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Monument to Mother Bickerdyke, at Galesburg, Ill.
By courtesy Chicago *Tribune*.

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UNITY

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VOLUME LVII | THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906 | NUMBER 13

OUR DEATHLESS DEAD.

How shall we honor them—our Deathless Dead—
With strew of laurel and the stately tread?
With blaze of banners brightening overhead?
Nay, not alone these cheaper praises bring;
They will not have this easy honoring.

Not all our cannon breaking the blue noon,
Not the rare reliquary, writ with rune;
Not all the iterance of our reverent cheers,
  Not all sad bugles blown,
Can honor them grown saintlier with the years;
  Nor can we praise alone
  In the majestic reticence of stone;
Not even our lyric tears
Can honor them, passed upward to their spheres.
Nay, we must meet our august hour of fate
As they met theirs; and this will consecrate
This honor them, this stir their souls afar,
Where they are climbing to an ampler star.

The soaring pillar and the epic boast,
  The flaring pageant and the storied pile,
  May parley with Oblivion awhile,
To save some Sargon of the fading host;
But these are vain to hold
Against the slow creep of the patient mold,
  The pomp, the arch, the scroll cannot beguile
The ever-circling Destinies that must
Mix king and clown into one rabble dust.

No name of mortal is secure in stone;
  Hewn on the Parthenon the name will waste;
  Carved on the Pyramids, 'twill be effaced;
In the heroic deed, and there alone
Is man's one hold against the craft of Time,
That humbles into dust the shaft sublime—
That mixes sculptured Karnak with the sands,
Unannaled, blown about the Libyan lands.
And, for the high, heroic deeds of men
There is no crown of praise but deed again.
Only the heart-quick praise, the praise of deed,
Is faithful praise for the heroic breed.

How shall we honor them—our Deathless Dead?
  How keep their mighty memories alive?
  In him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deed, and all is said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.
The will to serve and bear,
The will to love and dare,
And take, of God, unprofitable risk—
  These things, these things will utter praise and pean,
  Louder than lyric thunders Aeschylean;
These things will build our dead unwasting obelisk.

—*Edwin Markham.*

A ministerial brother in the east writes:

"While writing, let me add also my sympathy with what you say about poor Harmon. He sent me *Lucifer* for a while. My opinion of it is much like yours, but I recognize his sincerity, and if a land or age is going to raise reformers (and when has there ever been one that did not need them), its only way is to give them all a chance in the struggle for existence and let their fitness be the only test of determining which shall survive."

Our associate on the Watch Tower refers in fitting terms to the late Carl Schurz, whose life has been as influential as it has been conspicuous. Forced to flee from Germany after the uprising in 1849, Carl Schurz became a prominent figure in American life, and as Senator of Wisconsin, as Minister to Spain, as Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Hayes, as a prominent leader in the affairs of the American Indians, he was able to make his protest for truth and justice both potent and farreaching. Although often looked upon as an extremist, no one questioned his honesty and sincerity. He has left a rich heritage to posterity.

Among the many letters coming to this office concerning the Congress and its work, some of which are printed in the Congress Department, conducted by our colleague, Mr. Osborne, are many more that are good enough to print. This is from a New England minister's letter:

"Of course you know that while not the less a Unitarian, I believe fully alike in the scientific basis and the anointing spirit of the Congress of Religion. Were I geographically nearer to you I would gladly be co-operator with you in the movement."

While always friendly, Timothy Harold Eddowes, of Geneva, writes:

"I note your request for the names of the 'Old Guard' of UNITY subscribers. I think I can claim to be at least a camp follower of it. I must have read nearly every number of UNITY, though the subscription stood in the name of Mrs. Rebecca Eddowes the most of the time until her death in September, 1904. I would suggest that readers as well as subscribers be allowed some of the honor of having stood by the cause. And as one of them, I can assure you that I am heartily in sympathy with the plans and policies of the new guard in broadening the work of unifying humanity in the upright growth."

In another column we reprint an extract from the *Springfield Republican,* a tribute to Edwin Burritt Smith by his intimate friend and neighbor, Professor Tolman, of the University of Chicago, and a memorial word from William Kent, a yoke-fellow with Mr. Smith in the high quests for civic righteousness and national honor. In his death Chicago has lost a great advocate, a noble chancellor; one who, had he lived,

would have become not only a noble but a famous chancellor. But the road he traveled was too strenuous a one to give a long life; measured by the quantity of soul-energy invested, Mr. Smith lived not only well, but long. Happy is the octogenerian who in his eighty years has thought as much, felt as much, accomplished as much as this single-minded lawyer of Chicago. Our readers must not omit the reading of Professor Tolman's article.

Recent utterances of Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, have furnished the press of the country with much material for caustic comment. The case would be amusing were there not an undertone of truth and tragedy in the solo of the chancellor. Whatever may have inspired the attacks upon the president or what may be the justifications for his outburst, the fact seems to be patent that Dr. Day has made himself the defender of Standard Oil and the critic of the president, whose report and message was recently called for by Congressional Resolution. Most of the papers point to the fact that the president of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University, John D. Archbold, is a vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and the intimation as to the cause of Dr. Day's position is obvious. Says the *Providence Journal:* "There may be anarchy at the White House, but there is intellectual chaos at Syracuse." The *New York Evening Post* asserts: "It is as if St. George should suddenly appear as a defender of the dragon against the defamatory attacks of the Princess." Perhaps the one thing of importance that Chancellor Day has accomplished is to make more manifest the cogency and the power of the argument advanced by Dr. Gladden in opposing the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the American Board. Is it possible for any university president to accept a large gift of money without being unconsciously influenced in favor of the donor?

The Congress of Religion

We are sure that our readers will rejoice with us in the interesting development of the program for the approaching meetings of the Congress of Religion. In scope and practicality it easily overreaches previous efforts, although every program of the Congress has been a high one. The introductory words were spoken last Sunday night, the date being hurried in order to secure the word of the First Vice-President, Dr. Hirsch, who leaves this week for his missionary itinerary in Europe. This meeting will be noticed elsewhere.

At least at the Lincoln Centre and the Temple K. A. M. on Sunday morning last, preparatory words were spoken. The indications are that many other pulpits besides those scheduled will consider the Congress topic, "The Greatest Need of Religion Today," Social Service, Spiritual Note. But the most interesting and unique feature of the program is the laboratory character of the work planned out. It will be a study of settlements, object lessons in practical piety. For whatever may be the ultimate relation of church and settlement (and we trust they will become more and more identified and ultimately identical), it can scarcely be denied that at the present time religion finds its highest exemplification at the social centers. If the loving of our brother man is the truer expression of our love of God; here certainly ethical earnestness reaches its maximum and the intellectual problems connected with the uplifting of society and the ennobling of man are most deliberately and persistently studied. The visit of the Congress to the Hull House, the Chicago Commons, the University Settlement, and the Abraham Lincoln Centre will give those in attendance an opportunity to see how far Miss Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Miss Mary McDowell and their associates have been able to realize their ideals, to reduce to practice their theories.

Another object lesson is found in this Congress program in the interdenominational hospitalities. Here Jewish, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciple and Independent churches swing open their doors and bid the Congress welcome. The personnel of the program will speak for itself, and there are reasons to believe that it will grow richer as it approaches realization.

The breadth and depth of this program is not seeming, for the fellowship back of it, represented by the long list of names published in the Congress of Religion Department of this paper in recent numbers, indicates how wide and thorough has been the work of Mr. Osborne.

There seems to be but one anxiety left, and that is to have an attendance worthy the program, and the General Secretary avails himself of his editorial privilege to urge the significance of the opportunity, the culture quality, the spiritual uplift here offered. Why is it that these days of more and more leisure, of larger income, days of automobiling and golfing, are the days in which the good old habit of "going to conference" seems to be almost a lost art? The hotels of Chicago are not only ample, but comfortable and economic. Chicago homes are hospitable, and the lines of friendship, acquaintanceship and relationship radiate from them all over the country. Reader, ministerial or layman, man or woman, suburban or farmer, near or far, why not plan to be in Chicago June 3-6 and go the round with us? Shake hands, listen, ask questions, speak, and go back with a clearer conception of what life is for; with a newer grasp upon its objects and with a more solemn commitment to its duties, receiving ever more into your lives a higher joy, a deeper peace, a commission to serve the higher cause, to do the things that are most worthy, to save you from many trivialities and unprofitable extravagances.

Come to the Congress; come early, and stay to the end. Chicago welcomes you. The churches of Chicago welcome you. UNITY invites you, and the Congress of Religion asks for you.

Mother Bickerdyke, the Soldiers' Providence and the Friend of the Needy

Before another issue of UNITY appears the beautiful holy day of the American church will have been observed. The floral communion at the gravesides of those who gave their lives for freedom and union will have been celebrated. Year by year the religious significance of this observance should become more and more clear, as year by year the hard and harsh lines fade and the tender and loving ones grow more clear. The antagonisms are giving way to the harmonies. The roar of the cannon grows fainter and fainter, while the thanks of the helpless, the gratitude of the sick, grow more and more distinct. The laurels of the sword-bearers may in time fade, but the crown of those who carried the "cup of cold water in His name" will never tarnish.

Chief in this line of cup-bearers will always stand Mother Bickerdyke. On next Decoration Day the old soldiers will gather around her grave at Galesburg, Ill., and will dedicate a beautiful monument that will mark the resting place of all that is mortal of the helping hands. This is fitting and we are glad to present a picture of this monument on our cover page, as comparatively few can find their way to Galesburg cemetery, and few will ever see the marble witness.

But the story of her life will be told over and over again and we are glad to announce that UNITY is prepared to publish serially the story of Mary A. Bickerdyke's life, not only during the strenuous days of the war, but the less familiar but equally heroic and disinterested story of her helpfulness after the war. The story has been written by an old Kansas friend and neighbor, Mrs. Florence S. Kellogg, of Fay, Kan. A year ago last March the writer in his editorial wanderings went out of his way, far into western Kansas, for the purpose of visiting Prof. James Bickerdyke, of Bunker Hill, the son of the blessed mother, hoping thereby to secure some material for publication concerning the good mother, and thus do something more towards discharging his personal debt of gratitude to this maternal providence that blessed the fever-smitten private in the field hospital. But alas! just a few weeks before the good son had gone to join his mother. However, a horseback ride of a dozen miles found Mrs. Kellogg, an old postoffice mission correspondent and a live member of the UNITY family. He found there not only the UNITY welcome, but one whom Mrs. Bickerdyke had selected as her biographer. These two kindred souls early found one another in Mother Bickerdyke's Kansas career, and at our request she undertook to write these sketches of "Mother Bickerdyke as I Knew Her."

We make this preliminary announcement hoping that it will be of particular interest to the "Old Guard" of the G. A. R., and in order to reach as many of them as possible we will make a special offer of UNITY to any old soldier for one-half price, or until January, 1907, for 50 cents. In order to give time for this word to get around, the first article will appear with the first issue in July and will continue as rapidly as possible until completed. Further outline of the articles and further notice of the writer thereof will be given later.

This is UNITY'S contribution to Decoration Day. It lays its garland on the grave of Mother Bickerdyke, thereby saluting the comrades and rejoicing in the growing sense of comradeship in the world, the brotherhood and sisterhood of the humane, the coming body guard of humanity.

Edwin Burritt Smith

The power of man rests in the clear mind capable of clear expression, in the capacity of sustained striving toward a distant object, in the willingness to practice self-control and self-denial, and to sacrifice the present to the future.

These qualities go into the make-up of an unmoral strength that may be a power for good, or for evil. It is as the soul of man determines; it is as the motive animus turns these great faculties toward selfishness or toward altruism that man is to be judged by his fellows and by that indestructible influence which in the process of evolution, makes history.

This friend of ours was preëminent for the qualities of manhood. Poverty was an incentive to work. Lack of opportunity was a spur to obtain opportunity, and in the struggle was gained strength to use the opportunity when grasped. And what magnificent use he made of his great faculties we are here met to testify. In the complete dedication of mind and will and body to humanity we see the divine working in the man, we see the citizen Smith possessed one of the strongest and most logical of minds. He sought out his premises with the greatest care and then thought clear to the end, and stood by his conclusions without doubt, fear or question. It was this courage of reason that gave him weight, and made him the strong pillar in the civic temple.

He worked out a sense of proportion unusual to minds of his philosophical type. The heresy of free silver which he combated with great vigor, he took to be less virulent than the danger of Imperialism, and he was brave enough to reverse his vote at a succeeding presidential election while most of us were struggling toward getting better city government and would have welcomed any means that would have brought the result. Smith saw in the method, that of strengthening our municipal representative body, at once a vindication of democratic government and a popular education of the voter.

The list of his civic activities is a history of the better Chicago, not yet a good Chicago, but a vigorous militant demonstration that the great city is the hope of democracy. The earliest step was the passage and adoption of the civil service law. In that movement he was deeply identified. From its inception he was one of the strongest men in the Municipal Voters' League, where his calm courage, his legal knowledge and his power of analysis and statement made him especially terrible to evil doers. He never had to recede from a position once taken and those who endeavored to put him in the wrong will long remember the results of the controversies.

Year after year he stuck to the hard task, giving time and energy that were needed to provide for his family and himself. He asked no credit and no reward except as it was found in the chance for more service, and better resulting conditions for all of us.

There never was an occasion when he "didn't have time." It seemed as though he were able to make it whenever public service made demands upon him.

There has hardly been a campaign in which moral issues have been involved, national, state or municipal, in which his voice has not rung out clearly for the right.

By nature an individualist, as the strong, successful man is apt to be, he saw the meaning of democracy, and the need of strengthening the community. Without hesitation he favored what some call the "socialism" of municipal ownership as an antidote to the "anarchism" of private ownership as practiced in Chi-

cago. He was one of the first to draft and to advocate measures which later found their expression in the Mueller law.

The traction problem with its three ugly heads—political, physical and legal—claimed a vast amount of his time and attention.

The political head was cut off by the work of the Municipal Voters' League. The physical stumbling blocks were in a large measure removed by the work in the various tentative ordinances, through which he has made great contribution to any settlement that is to come.

In his work for the Mueller law and in the subsequent litigation by the city he has borne a heavy and an honorable part.

Brave, constant, modest, every ounce of his power was unflinchingly and unselfishly used for the benefit of his fellow men. And we who knew him and loved him will best remember him as the aggressive, honest, and disinterested citizen of a city that is not mean because such men as Edwin Burritt Smith would not have it so. WILLIAM KENT.

A Great Citizen

The Chicago traction entanglement was the direct cause of Mr. Smith's death. He wrote the history of "Street railway legislation in Illinois" for the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1904. The salient points are three: The corrupt act of 1865, nominally extending the life of the companies for ninety-nine years, but killed a few months ago by the adverse decision of the United States supreme court; the corrupt Allen bill of 1897, permitting the granting of franchises for fifty years, but repealed within two years, with but one dissenting vote; and the terrified flight of the speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives from his desk in April, 1903; thus enabling the cheated and angry majority to pass the "Mueller bill," granting to the cities of Illinois the right to acquire and operate street railways. A more interesting true story than Mr. Smith's account of this last incident would be hard to find.

After the passage of the Mueller bill the traction committee of the Chicago city council appointed Mr. Smith their attorney. During the summer of 1903, in consultation with them, he drew up the so-called "tentative ordinance," extending the franchises of the street railways, but with suitable safeguards and with compensation to the city. This ordinance probably cost Mr. Smith his life. Nearly eighty meetings of the committee were held that summer in Mr. Smith's office, but because a new building was then going up immediately to the west, the office was noisy and badly ventilated. Also, Mr. Smith wrote every portion of the ordinance again and again. His incessant labors upon it, in addition to his other duties, broke him down. He worked for Chicago as he would have worked for no other client. His health failed in 1904 and he was never well again. Mr. Smith's disappointment at the failure of negotiations between the city and the traction companies, last February, was very keen.

Some of Mr. Smith's friends hoped to see him mayor of Chicago. He was not a favorite with the managers of either party, but the people knew their friend and would have supported him gladly.

Mrs. Smith will place a memorial window in the east wall of the University Congregational church in honor of her husband. In the plan which has been adopted his will be "the window of the prophets," those hero souls who strove to reform the evil of their times, who spake unto men the truth of God, whether they would hear or forbear.

But the true monument to Mr. Smith will be the future Chicago. "He looked for a city." Before many years, I have faith to believe, the streets of Chicago will be well paved, cleaned and lighted; South Chicago and the north shore will be brought into the system of the drainage canal, completing that great improvement; the traction question will be settled in such a way that the rights of the people will be completely safeguarded, whether with or without actual municipal ownership; the small parks, playgrounds, public bath-houses, etc., will be multiplied indefinitely; the proposed outer belt of larger parks, taking in thousands of acres of desirable land, will be a reality; Grant park on the lake front of the city will be completed, with the great Field museum building standing in its center; a great boulevard along the shore of Lake Michigan will connect Grant park with the enlarged Lincoln park on the north and with Jackson park on the south; the social settlements, the beneficent children of their spiritual mother, Miss Jane Addams, will have increased both in number and efficiency; the Publice, Crerar and Newberry libraries and the art institute will be greatly enlarged; many local improvement associations will help to keep the city clean and make it beautiful. In countless ways the new social spirit of Chicago's citizens will spend itself for the welfare of all, and all these things will be brought about at a moderate expense and with a debt upon the city which will be extremely small when compared either with that of other cities or with the results secured. But when these dreams come true, Chicago, as she thinks of those who, like Edwin Burritt Smith and Alderman Mavor, have given their lives for her, should not forget to says, "With a great sum obtained I this freedom." ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

Afterward

There *is* no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?
One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache,
Plead not nor question, let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

God appointed work for every earnest and self-respecting soul; without work of some sort no man or woman can lead a respectable life in this world.—*H. W. Mabie.*

THE PULPIT

The Idea of God

By Rev. Willard Brown Thorp.

I do not write as one learned in the language of the schools upon this subject. And yet it is a matter upon which I find myself arriving at certain convictions which to me at least afford a satisfactory working and preaching basis.

There are at least three different methods of approaching the subject of the conception of God,—the metaphysical or that of formal logic; the historical or that of objective observation of the course of things; and the religious or that of subjective experience. Each is entirely legitimate within its sphere. Each arrives at certain valuable and well-defined results which we are compelled to respect. And somehow we must manage to bring the results of all three methods into harmony with each other.

(1) In terms of metaphysics what is called the problem of God is the problem of Absolute Being, the All. And I take it that the verdict of metaphysics from the time of the ancients down to the present day has been that in the nature of the case it is impossible for the human mind to form any conception of the Absolute Being, the ground of all existence. The finite cannot conceive the infinite. The conditioned cannot form any idea of what it would be to be unconditioned. A being like man, whose whole experience is that of himself as over against an objective world cannot form any idea of the nature of that without which and beyond which there is nothing. All our familiar terms, "consciousness," "personality," "individuality," imply distinctions and limitations which by very definition are excluded from the Absolute. Along metaphysical lines of speculation about the Absolute we can never hope to arrive at anything more definite than a logical formula, like Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable."

This, however, is no new confession. It is as old in spirit as Job and Ecclesiastes. Clement of Alexandria, the great Greek Father of the Church, voiced it in these words, when, speaking of the ultimate ground of being, he said:

"If we name It, we do not so properly, terming It the One, or the Good, or Mind, or Absolute Being, or Father, or God, or Creator, or Lord,—we speak not as supplying His name, but for want we use good names, in order that the mind may have these as points of support, so as not to err in other respects."

This is precisely what Matthew Arnold had in mind when he said that all our language about the Absolute is of necessity purely symbolic, words thrown out at a reality too vast for comprehension or description and hence for exact reasoning.

The message of a priori metaphysics, then, to the theologian is one of caution: If (he says) you mean by the Deity what we mean by the Absolute you must be careful about applying descriptive terms derived from human experience, and then proceeding to reason from them as if they expressed the reality. That is the vice of anthropomorphism."

I am not at all certain that we do not mean the Deity just what he means by the Absolute. I am inclined to think that much of our trouble has come from confusing these two. But in any case we note his caution and proceed.

(2) The second method of approach is the objective or historical, which is far more in favor with most thinkers to-day. The thinking man looks abroad over the world as it is known to him. And upon one point he is perfectly clear. It is a universe, an inter-related whole. An irresistible impression is produced upon us that we are in the midst of a Kosmos, a single ordered whole, in which every element, material and psychical, seen and unseen, has its place.

And I believe that the representative men in the world of philosophy to-day are ready to go one step farther than that, and to affirm their faith there is a *meaning* in the Kosmos, that it is not meaningless but meaning-full. I asked one of the leading thinkers in the University of Chicago, What do you mean in the broadest sense by belief in God? And he said, "To believe in God is to believe that there is a meaning in things." Professor George F. Moore, of Harvard, in his recent lectures on Religion, used the same expression, as indicating perhaps the utmost that as thinkers we can say, "There is a meaning in things." Somehow there is Thought, there is Idea, there is Plan behind this evolving world. Of course Matthew Arnold's phrase, "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," occurs to us in this connection, although it is rather the phrase of a poet than a philosopher.

Now I count this apparent convergence of feeling to-day a very significant and hopeful sign of the times, from the point of view of those who are looking for a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It widely differentiates itself from materialism and pessimism. And it is perhaps all that the historian and the scientist can do for us at present.

(3) The other method is what I have called the religious or that of subjective experience. It is the result not so much of the look without as of the look within, the self-consciousness of the human soul, its knowledge of itself and of other souls.

The finest and rarest product known to us is a human soul fashioned after the image of the Christ. Beholding such a soul coming to the birth within ourselves and those about us we are confronted with the question, What is this? Is this a mere by-product of evolution? Or is it the result? At this point the materialist parts company with us. He calls it a mere by-product. But the idealist—and we are all idealists—goes on. He cannot but go on. "Here (he says) in myself I behold a spirit, immanent in nature (i. e., in a material body), but at the same time transcending it, looking out upon it and down upon it, laying hands upon it, shaping and directing it with that higher spontaneity which we call freedom. Here, then, is another sphere of being." And he at once asks, "Am I the only one?" And instantly he perceives others about him of the same grade. And then he asks, "Are these the only ones, these spirits whose bodies I can see? Are 'we the first that ever burst into this silent sea' of personality?" And just as one cannot look up at the stars without feeling impelled to believe that this obscure little planet is not the only abode of life, but that there are worlds upon worlds teeming with every form of life; so one cannot gaze in thought into the measureless upward reaches of the universe without being impelled to the belief that there must be personal and spiritual beings above that human plane upon which we stand. Is it not just possible that the modern thinking world has

been making a mistake in attempting to interpret the universe in terms of the minimum of personality? We have taken account of no personal beings save man and that Absolute Being about which the logicians tell us we cannot even think, save in contradictions of terms. But let us not be so certain. It may be that the object of our worship, the very heart of God, is between the two.

Are there not records of spiritual communications to men—we will not say now from God, we will say from the unseen world? Certainly there are, very many of them. Among others there is a notable series of them occurring among the Jewish people, extending over several centuries, recorded more or less imperfectly in the Bible, and purporting to come in the name of a certain Jehovah. Many of them are not very intelligible to us to-day; but so far as we can make them out there seems to be a certain unity in them and at the same time a certain line of development. And then upon the death of a certain unusual person named Jesus of Nazareth there were certain manifestations which seemed to come from him and from the spiritual world. In a profound sense it must be recognized that Christianity has been from the beginning a religion based on a kind of spiritualism, on the Holy Ghost, the Holy Spirit of Jesus, impressing itself mightily and unmistakably upon the personalities of the disciples and of the Apostle Paul. And that which from the days of the apostles to the present has been known as "Christian experience" purports to be the experience of the communion of a human soul with that higher personality, whom we call—by what name matters little—the Christ, the Spirit of Jesus, the Spirit of God. The human soul, the soul of the Christian, hungers and thirsts for communion with that personal celestial friend. And sometimes that experience comes with a profound sense of reality to him who experiences it.

(But, you may ask, what has this to do with my theme? It has everything to do with it. We are approaching our idea of God by a process of spiritual induction.)

With some celestial being, then, the devout soul has communion in the name of Jesus Christ. Jesus himself had that communion with the spirit which he called "The Father." He prepared the disciples to interpret the experiences that would come to them from his own ascended spirit in the same way that he did his, by saying to them, "I and the Father are one."

What then is that spirit with whom the devout soul has communion?

As a critical philosopher one might hesitate to stake his reputation upon it, but to me as a man of religion seeking also to be a thinker the solution of this whole problem of God is in the thought that this spirit with whom we have communion is the ever-living Christ, and that that ever-living Christ is not some subordinate being in the range of spirits, in the ranks of angels and powers, but is the very heart of the Eternal. I do not know what God in the Absolute sense is. In the nature of things we shall never be able to circumnavigate the All and bring back our report. But that does not prevent us from believing that in the religious consciousness we may penetrate to the very center of All and find there a personal spirit answering to our spirits; and that that spirit is the Christ, the Son of God, the Heart of the Eternal.

I know not how He is situated, whether in full control, or whether battling with evils and overcoming them, establishing his kingdom, putting all things under His feet. But by the intuitions of my soul, supported by the intuitions of all other awakened souls, and by the marvelous manifestations of revelation past and present I affirm that at the center of all things, in the heart of worlds and in the heart of man, conquering and to conquer, is a Personal Deity, even the ever-living Christ. This is the "meaning" that is in things; this is the "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness"; this is the One to whom we pray and with whom there is coming to the spirit of man an ever deepening communion.

Daniel Webster, John Hay and Elihu Root

Sixty years ago Hungary, under Kossuth, was fighting for independence from Austria. Our Government sent over a special agent to report upon the revolutionary Government, that we might decide intelligently whether to recognize it. Austria was indignant; and her minister at Washington, Mr. Hülsemann, addressed to our State Department a very wrathful letter. Our Government had no business, he said, to be interested in Hungarian struggles for independence and to call Louis Kossuth an illustrious hero. The reply of our Secretary of State, in 1850, is a very famous document. It was very long; but two sentences in it are all that I shall quote: "When the people of the United States behold the people of foreign countries moving toward the adoption of institutions like their own, it surely cannot be expected of them to remain wholly indifferent spectators." "The cabinet at Vienna may rest assured that while performing with strict fidelity all their neutral duties, nothing will deter either the Government or people of the United States from forming and expressing their own opinions freely and at all times upon the great political events which may transpire among the civilized nations of the earth." The name of the Secretary of State of the United States in 1850 was Daniel Webster.

The Hungarian revolution did not succeed. Kossuth, with his associates, took refuge in Turkey; and thence by the authority of an act of Congress he was brought to this country in a United States frigate. His reception by the people of the United States is one of the stirring chapters of our history. Was the Government behind the people in its welcome? His reception by the President, to whom Mr. Webster personally presented him, was the warmest; and at the great banquet in Washington, Jan. 7, 1852, Webster himself, our Secretary of State, was the chief speaker. I would that space here permitted citation of his plain speech concerning the emperor of Austria, which he followed by proposing a toast to "Hungarian Independence." Here is one word of Webster's speech: "The effect of this reception cannot but be felt. It cannot but have its influence beyond the ocean and among countries where our principles and our sentiments are either generally unknown or generally disliked. Let them go forth—let it be borne on the winds of heaven, that the sympathy of the Government of the United States and all the people of the United States have been attracted toward a nation struggling for national independence." And here is one word more: "We are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of principles. Another great mistake is sometimes made. We

think that nothing is powerful enough to stand before autocratic or despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough, and if properly exercised will prove itself so, and that is the power of intelligent public opinion in all the nations of the earth."

That was our Secretary of State in 1852. He held that it was the duty of the people of the United States and of the Government of the United States to speak out for freedom and humanity, when their interests were at stake; and he was quite willing in doing it to say things that some vastly more important personages than the present king of Belgium might not relish. He did not hunt for any specious technical plea for indifference, not any cheap whitewash for tyranny; nor did he have any misgiving about his straightforward humanity involving guns and gunboats. He thought simply of moral influence and the power of an aroused public opinion. He thought that it was the duty of nations and of governments to act like men.

Four years ago the 400,000 Jews of Roumania were suffering under frightful persecution—precisely that form of persecution which the great conference of Berlin in 1878 undertook to prohibit. Fifty thousand of these Roumanian Jews took refuge from this persecution in the United States. On Aug. 11, 1902, the Secretary of State of the United States addressed an identical note to all the European powers signatory to the Berlin treaty, protesting in the strongest terms against this oppression in Roumania and demanding that the European powers, which had made themselves responsible, should put a stop to it. That noble moral outburst filled a column in our newspapers of Sept. 17, 1902. The name of the Secretary of State of the United States in 1902 was John Hay.

This is what John Hay said: "This Government cannot be a tacit party to such an international wrong. It is constrained to protest against the treatment to which the Jews of Roumania are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself, but in the name of humanity." "The United States," added Secretary Hay, with reference to the situation four years ago, "may not authoritatively appeal to the stipulations of the treaty of Berlin, to which it was not, and cannot become a signatory, but it does earnestly appeal to the principles contained therein, because they are the principles of international law and eternal justice."

"Because the powers are responsible for the existence of Roumania, the culprit in this case," was the simple and fitting comment of the New York *Tribune* in printing Mr. Hay's letter—and it is the precise words which should be said of the Congo case to-day—"the Secretary of State has directed the note to them in the hope that they will bring the Roumanian Government to a sense of its duties toward civilization."

Will it be claimed for a moment that the responsibility of our Government for the Jews of Roumania was comparable with its responsibility to the natives of the Congo States, whose very birth and organization were through acts and sanctions in which we shared, under conditions which we helped define and impose, and which have been so grossly and defiantly violated? Will it be said that Secretary Hay was thinking chiefly of burdens felt by us through the coming here of these Roumanian Jews? Read that great sermon of his and see clearly that this burden was simply the technical pretext which he seized for preaching it. He was not hunting for technical covers for inaction and irreponsiblility; he was hunting for a chance to let America preach eternal justice.

To-day the oppression and atrocities in the Congo State, of which the appalling details are pouring in to us month after month, surpass any injustice and persecution in Hungary or Roumania in 1850 or 1900 as a thousand to one. Hundreds of thousands of helpless and innocent men and women are being murdered there under one of the most rapacious and ruthless régimes known in human history. The story staggers humanity; and the fifty English and American missionaries in the country, whose united appeal of January 11 has just reached us, are not writers of fiction, but of awful truth. The heart and conscience of America and Europe cry aloud. The responsibility which our Government took and shared in delegating at the conferences of Berlin and Brussels for civilized rule and the welfare of the natives in the Congo cannot be explained away and cannot be shirked. The American people are righteously demanding that their Government shall unite with the governments of Europe in a searching and impartial investigation; and, as is their right and duty, they have turned to their State Department to utter their protest. And from the Secretary of State comes this response: "If the United States had happened to possess in darkest Africa a territory five times as great and populous as the Philippines we, too, might find good government difficult, and come in for our share of just or unjust criticism." The name of the American Secretary of State in 1906 is not Daniel Webster, and it is not John Hay.

This almost incredible word from our Secretary of State, unaccompanied as it is by any expression whatever of sympathy or reprobation concerning the horrors which are so deeply stirring the hearts of his countrymen, compels the nation again to remember, what it would so gladly forget, that it was he who, as Secretary of War, was the chief representative and agent of the policy of "hush" when the appalling accounts of "water-cures" and outrages innumerable perpetrated by men in our own uniforms upon the natives of the Philippines were stirring the hearts of the American people four years ago. But when the doctrine is now insinuated that American sympathy and criticism in connection with monstrous iniquities beyond the seas shall not have official expression lest we expose ourselves to the risk of retort upon our own abortions, then surely the time has come for the republic to take account of stock. If this embryonic doctrine should develop as has the "Monroe Doctrine"—which, conceived in 1823, not, like this, in selfishness, but in generosity, has now grown into the mischievous and monstrous thing which we see —before the twentieth century ends we shall have ceased altogether to be a good Samaritan among the suffering peoples of the earth, or even, as Mr. Root's present word makes us, a priest or Levite, and shall have become one of the gang of mutually insured highwaymen on the Jericho road. It is time for us to emphasize with power, in pious memory of John Hay, that in the American State Department considerations of humanity and eternal justice still have proper place. It is time for us to appeal with Daniel Webster to the power of

moral influence and to remember with him that there is something stronger than callous indifference or greedy tyranny, and that is the power of aroused and intelligent public opinion.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

A Message from the Front

Address of the Rev. J. D. Kingsbury at Oak Park, before the Congregational Missionary Association. Reprinted from the *Advance*.

Seventy miles up the beautiful canyon of the Weiser River in Idaho, is planted the little terminal city of Council. There is always an emphasis to be placed on a terminal city. There the railroad stays for a time, looking and thinking whether it will go up Horner Creek, into the Seven Devils' region, or whether it will still follow up the Weiser River nearer to its source and strike down to the Little Salmon, to make its connection with the transcontinental lines in the upper regions. That is a terminal city. It is the supply point for all the region round about. Here come the saloons; here come the gateways of hell, and a motley people having all sorts of business enterprises; and it is a strategic point where we must plant the gospel. And so we planted a hero of the cross there. I do not know how I can better introduce him than by a little characteristic incident. He dared say something about the saloon, and the good women came into the parsonage on the next morning and said: "Pastor, you must not go to the little spring to get water tomorrow, for the saloon man is to be there with his friends to do you harm." "Thanks," said the hero, and on the morrow he took his two pails and started for the spring, whistling so loud that he made the welkin ring and that everybody might know he was after water. Sure enough, there were the saloon man and his friends, and before the saloon man had a chance for the onset, his hand was stretched out to Smith with "A royal good morning to you! This is a morning that makes a man feel as if he wanted to do good! Give me your hand, Smith! By the way, Smith, do you know the boys up at the schoolhouse are disturbing me while I preach; you have the most influence of any man in the town, and you must keep the boys quiet while I preach!" "Foster, I will do anything you want." So Smith kept guard while the gospel was preached by our young hero.

There is always an angel presence in a missionary home. It was peculiarly so in the little terminal city. The hectic flush was already on her cheek when I first saw her, but she was out among the people; she was at the bedside of the sick. She won the hearts of all the people. "Where have you been?" I said to her one day. I had been waiting for her, and the little children said she took some goodies from the pantry and went away, saying she would not be gone long. "Where have you been? You should have been taking care of yourself," I said. "I have been taking care of my sick neighbor. There was nobody to take care of me." By and by, near the Christmas time, life was at its lowest ebb, and while the Christmas bells were ringing the sweet spirit passed upward to the eternal Easter morning. Oh, what an emphasis on Christian work it was that day when we laid her down to rest! The stores were all closed; the freighters lingered before they hitched their long teams to the wagons to go back into the copper region; even the saloons closed, and it seemed as if the whole city were in tears, and the emphasis which was laid upon that woman's work by her life, by her death, meant more than all the work she had done in the days of her strength. Oh, woman! She is the angel presence in the missionary home.

By and by it was said to me, "Do you know, thirty-six miles away, over the range, there is a valley thirty miles long and no gospel; there is a beautiful little village; we call it Meadows?" "Yes, but they have not signified very much anxiety about having the gospel." I want you to know there are two kinds of people—those who bear and those who forbear. These were those who forbear. They were horse racing; they were gambling; they had everything that was evil; they actually absolutely did not want the gospel! I said to Foster: "I know you have Engine Valley, fifteen miles down south; you have Middle Forks, seven miles south, and you have Mickey, eleven miles farther, and the White School House, four miles away; you are serving all those people, but what shall we do with Meadows? They have no gospel there!" And I knew what the dear boy would say. "Give me money enough to buy another horse, and I will go there tomorrow!" And so he went. He had a cold reception; they did not want the gospel; they were joined to their idols. But by and by the people began to come and listen, and say, "Oh, that reminds me of earlier days," and they were tender; and by and by they were on their knees and praying, and the interest increased and the Holy Spirit was in all the assemblies, and they were testifying, and so the work went on until it was said to me, "Why, the people in Meadows want a church; there are some who are converted there, and they want the gospel and a minister to live with them." And my hero had gone away and another hero was in his place, and I said, "Will you go up to Meadows? Go up before me, while I look for the minister, and see how many people there are who want to unite with the church." And so he went, while I dropped over into Colorado, only about eight hundred miles from where I was, and there I found my minister, and back over the country I came. Did you ever take a sleigh ride over the snow six feet deep, where the horses meet and have to drop out? Oh! one horse down, and another up, and down, and both down, and the driver looking on with serenity; and I was ready to jump out twenty times. But the driver said, "Sit still," and so, sure enough, in a little while the old sleigh, tipping and turning, was up and off again, with the bells jingling, and away we went! Oh, rare and beautiful was that ride over six feet of snow, there in the little valley five miles wide and thirty miles long, to the village where they were waiting for the organization of the church.

They could hardly wait for Sabbath day to come. And on that day the large hall of the town was filled with people, and we were to organize in the evening, and long before the hour of service came they came to ask if I wasn't coming to service. They had double-seated the hall; every seat was filled and people sitting on the floor; the place was filled to overflowing. And I preached to them the gospel. Oh, that stillness! Oh, that evidence of the spirit of our God! Something different from anything ever felt in other assemblies, and by and by, when the preaching service was over, I said, "Those who are to enter into a covenant with each other and with their God, come forward." And they came forward and formed a large semi-circle, and there entered into a covenant with the Lord. We couldn't reseat those people—couldn't tell where they came from; their seats had all been taken; and I said, "We will celebrate the Lord's Supper standing and our first passover with staff in hand, and any others who will, come

up, and celebrate with us." Oh, the most tender sacrament of my life! And after the sacrament was over and the right hand of fellowship given, we sang "Blessed be the tie that binds," and I never heard it sung in churches or chapels as tenderly as by that great throng of people.

When I was a little boy they showed me a picture of a banyan tree and told me it would reach out its limbs and drop down and take root again. The church of Council was just like that; it just reached out and dropped into the earth and rooted again. So with the church of our God; believe it! It is to become a growth which shall cover the earth, and the church that does not reach out and have the missionary spirit and the missionary purpose and the missionary zeal has forgotten the mission of heaven on which it was sent into a sin-cursed world!

Pretty soon I was at the headquarters at Salt Lake City, and there I opened a letter from my boy. Don't you know, I used to be up in Nebraska and down in the northeast corner of Nevada, in the gold camps. And I was a carpenter and a minister and a lawyer. They harmonize pretty well. I have worked at the law and the carpenter work during the week and preached the gospel on Sunday. I have had no help from anybody. But I wrote my boy, "I thought you were up in Nebraska, doing good work. I shall be with you next Sabbath day, and you shall have help." The Salt Lake people, once in a good while, do a good thing as well as once in a while a bad thing, and they put in my hands some money and said, "You will pretty soon have a call from Nebraska; take this money and have it on hand." Soon I was riding in the stage over a smooth road, and the flowers were blooming on the way; and when I got to the camp I saw myself announced in a public place (in a saloon, it was) as "A Big Gun from Salt Lake City Will Preach! Everybody Come! All the Boosters Come!" I have been in all the public places—that means the saloons; I am never afraid to go where I behave myself. I go where God sends me. I saw all the machines where the men gamble. I said to the boys, "We are to have worship on Sunday." "Yes, we'll come! Don't you worry about us." And so on the Sabbath day there were as many people as the schoolhouse would hold. Saloonkeepers and gamblers came; and old Jack Wheatland, who married in this fashion: "And God Almighty pronounce you man and wife," had the worst saloon in the camps; and I told them about the Father's love, and I did not say "You wandering boy!" I said "We are all wandering and we all want to come back to the Father."

And they said, "We'll have a church; we'll build a house of God, and we'll do the most of it ourselves." And when I was held up in the washout I drew up a plan of a church which I would like to see up there, and it was to cost $3,000, and I sent it back, and they sent me word they were going to build after my plan. They said, "We can raise pretty near $3,000." Oh, the boys! They come from high schools and colleges and universities. A boy's heart can be touched. Tempted? Falling? Why not? Far away from the benediction of a father's love; far away from a mother's tenderness and "The girl I left behind me." There is the saloon, the gambling hell and the house of shame, and all the agencies of sin and Satan, and no church! Why shouldn't the boy fall? The young man never goes straight down to wickedness; he is restrained by the home and the love and the benediction he finds there. But send him out into the camps, where he finds nothing but Satan and sin. Tell me! Tell me if it is strange the poor boy is so tempted by sin that he plunges soon straight down into hell and nothing can save him but the gospel of our God.

The question before this beloved society is, "Shall the boys have the gospel of our Lord, which shall save them from sin and from the loss of all things and the destruction of character?"

One thing more. You hear a good deal said about the education of the men. They had a meeting one night in the camp. Forty men from college, but they had forty others who were not as well educated.

The university—that is, the morning dawn where he learns a little science, a little philosophy and a little history—but these years in the desert, where he has been studying by a broader gauge; where he has faced death with the breath of the desert; he knows its low moan; to suffer in the canyon alone because duty calls him; he knows that ladder—love, duty, loyalty, destiny—and he knows what it is to have his companion fall at his side, and he builds a little fence about him and moves on to the call of duty. He is the man who graduates in the university of the wilderness. He is the man with the large outlook, who asks the missionary not for some delicate essay full of negations, but who asks in sound soberness, "Is there an eternal Father who gives to his children an eternal hope? Is there an everlasting arm in which weary man may lie down and rest?" And our missionary is the man who preaches of him who was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit; who preached unto the Gentiles, who believed in the world, was received up into glory, and is coming again by and by when the elements will melt with fervent heat, to bring to himself all those who accept the offer of salvation. So our missionary is the man who preaches the gospel of love, the gospel of hope, the gospel of eternal life, unto those men who feel the need of it in their very souls. Over the trail he goes; up the canyon he goes; the happiest man in the universe! The missionary of God, conscious at every step of the presence of his Lord the Christ, and singing as he goes:

> "I will go where thou wilt have me go, dear Lord,
> Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
> I'll say what thou wilt have me say, dear Lord,
> I'll be what thou wilt have me to be."

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes

Two of Prof. Starr's books have reached me from Open Court Publishing Company. One of these is "Readings From Modern Mexican Authors." It is an extremely interesting volume, and puts us into a literary acquaintance with our southern neighbors. The other volume is a discussion of the Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition. There was so much of the side show at that exposition (that is, we had to pay extra for everything worth seeing) that I get more satisfaction out of this book than I did from what I saw. You need to buy with it Miss Bird's book on the Ainus, and then you will have an opportunity to study the most remarkable race now existing on the globe—a white people, mark you, surrounded by the yellow folk; and who are they? They constitute a peaceful race, with customs in many cases very admirable and beautiful. Evidently their civilization dates back of the prose era; into that past when people sang more and communicated like the birds. The Greeks communicated in this way, and wrote their philosophy in poetry until after Thales, about seven hundred years before Christ.

The *Atlantic* for May has no one article that we particularly admire, yet it is readable from first to last. This magazine has struck in with the more aggressive, in attacking the commercial abuses of the day. The reader will find an article on "Life Insurance and Speculation," which is thorough enough—possibly to induce our President to cry out "muck rake." But even the President of the United States cannot stop this moral earthquake, nor can he hold in his own private hands the direction of reform. The writer of this article warns the American people that nothing very important has yet been accomplished, but that the great insurance companies are under even worse influence than ever before. John Burroughs has a good article about his camping out with the President; but John Burroughs of today is not the John Burroughs of twenty years ago. There is a flavor of dogmatism in everything he writes; and in this article there is a disagreeable flavor of parisitic admiration for his patron.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Cornell University Agricultural Experiment Station, at Ithaca, N. Y., is so remarkable that I must take room to note it. I do not know a single volume in existence that begins with it, in expounding modern agriculture—or rather what we should call agriculture; for, in reality, what the farmer has to understand is how to get plant food out of the air. By far the largest part of plant growth is taken from the air, and not from the soil. Nine-tenths of all the manure that is applied to the soil is thrown away; and a good deal of the rest of it does more damage than good, by stimulating the soil to exhaustion. Mulching is worth more than manuring any day; and a plenty of humus means a mulch. Farmers are wasting their money outrageously on commercial fertilizers. If they will compost what goes to waste on their land—including weeds, stubble, autumn leaves, road waste, coal ashes, and other ashes, they will not only keep up their land, but fatten it faster, and better, than by purchasing carloads of "stuff."

From the Macmillans I find on my table that wonderful "Nero," by Stephen Phillips. I shall not review it. It is a unit. It is superb.

From the same house I get a most delightful book by Agnes and Edgerton Castle, entitled "If Youth But Knew." Here is a book that was not written to order. "Lectures and Essays," by Alfred Angier, comes from the same house, in two volumes. We have had only two or three volumes of essays that rank anywhere near these, for the last ten years. It seems almost strange in these days, to pick up a book that belongs in a class that we would call "pure literature." Here we have discussions of Coleridge's Ode to Wordsworth, the letters of Charles Lamb, the "Art of Conversation," "The Ethical Element in Shakespeare," "The Life and Genius of Swift,"—just as if we were living away back a thousand years ago, in 1850—or is it two thousand years ago? Well, well, in those days we read the British essayists, filled ourselves up with Wilson, Talfourd, Addison, and were satisfied with the humor of Charlie Lamb. Nowadays who reads any of these old standard authors? Confound the rubbish that has crowded them out, and left us to feast on the succotash made of modern science and romance. It will do you good to get the flavor of these essays. "The Upton Letters" is another recent volume of pure literature, but immensely more modern in flavor. E. P. POWELL.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Field Secretary,

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

First Session of the Congress Meetings

The spacious and beautiful Kehilath Anshe Mayriv Temple at 33rd and Indiana avenue was opened last Sunday evening to the inaugural meeting of the Congress series, and there seemd no dissent from the general view that the beginning was most auspicious. Dr. Tobias Schanfarber had charge of the service and the music arranged by his choir included organ and vocal solos of exceeding richness and beauty. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. A. Osborne, field secretary, who also announced the later meetings arranged. Scripture was read by Dr. Joseph Stolz. The introductory words by Dr. Schanfarber set forth the fundamental purpose of the Congress as not to annihilate or overthrow denominational distinctions, but rather to inspire and cultivate the co-operation of all for the practical service of all. The Chicago paper which reported the meeting under the caption "Great Move to Unite Creeds is Launched," certainly missed the message of all the speakers as far as it did the announced program of the Congress. It was accurately stated and emphasized that the Congress as a movement is not concerned with doctrinal controversies at all, but with the establishment of the kingdom of justice, righteousness and truth on the earth.

Mr. Raymond Robbins, who has shown himself a man of vision as well as courage and faith, spoke of the supreme need of religion today, as to be found along these lines. He began with the statement that religion today needs vision. There is increased emphasis in the pulpit on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, but there is very little of this truth realized in practical human lives. In the hard, narrow lines of the average man's life you can find little that teaches brotherliness. Religion lacks faith in God and Man. The chief need in religion today is vision, vision; and vision brings three qualities. The man who looks above the crowd, sees the wider horizons of truth, realizes that God rules over all and in spite of all, has faith—faith in God and faith in his fellow man, too; and he who has a vision of this humanity which God loves, sees of what sort it is and what its destiny must be, comes to love men and to protest against the injustice under which they suffer. The man of vision also will be a man of courage, of fearless honesty, and loyalty to truth and right. I am not so much concerned about the unity of religions today as about their vitality. Religion today needs vision—vision that will beget courage, honesty, truthfulness and love.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, First Vice-President of the Congress and the honored minister of Sinai Temple, where the Congress organized twelve years ago, spoke with an inspiration and power that even he has rarely excelled. We cannot give a report of his magnificent address, but it is sufficient to say it was fully worthy of the speaker and the occasion.

The chief need of religion today, as Dr. Hirsch sees it, is to put the old truth of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—which is found in the Talmudic legends and the teaching of the ancient Rabbis—into actual practice, so that the religious man will realize he is his brother's keeper. We quote the following from the reports in the papers:

"The greatest need of religions today is that they shall make men recognize that they are accountable for their might, their wealth, their intelligence," said Dr. Hirsch. "We need

a new science of economics not vitalized by profits. We should quit calling men saints who have amassed great fortunes by robbing Paul and then giving a portion of their riches to charity. They are doing no more than they ought to do. They are just giving back a part of the wealth many men have produced by their labors.

"Results never justify the means. It is written, 'thou shalt not steal,' and that is for the rich as well as the poor. If the hungry man steals a loaf of bread he is more justified than the rich man who steals. Of course, he has broken the law, but, when conditions exist that men must steal bread, society is to blame. Wolves do not eat their fellows of the same pack, but when the passion for power and wealth overtakes men they devour one another. No one has a right to rise on the ruins of humanity.

"'Thy kingdom come' of the Lord's prayer does not refer to a place above the skies, but to a new social condition founded upon righteousness here on earth. No religion is a preparation for heaven that does not make men better on earth. No man is self-made. We all contribute, and every man should understand he is responsible for his brother. The great trouble with religionists is that they have not lived up to this teaching. The liberalists in religion have not emphasized it. That truth should be reiterated to every man until he acts accordingly. Men should teach by word and deed that every man is his brother's keeper in the fullest sense."—*Record-Herald.*

"Modern religion is to thunder in no uncertain tones into the ears of the mighty that they are responsible to all. That no man has a right to rise on the ruins of humanity must be the truth for which it stands. It shall also tell so that all may hear that the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal' is for the rich as well as the poor. When society is so poorly organized that a man has to steal bread to live then the blame for this so-called theft rests on society.

"Religion is not a preparation for the life to come, in the sense that the life is something beyond the clouds; it is the sense that the life to come on this earth, for the new social order which will grow out of the old. An order in which each man shall be his brother's keeper and the principle of coöperation and not competition shall prevail was the dream of Christ when he spoke of the kingdom. The mysteries are for God, the known for man. There is the chance, the destiny for this new life is developing and which will replace the present industrial and economic frenzy.

"Then, in this time of which men have dreamed, the lion and the lamb will lie down together. There will be interdependence. No man is self-made. He is what he is because of other men. Where there are no men there are no values. The life of strife, of competition, makes men economic wilves."—*Chronicle.*

Some Announcements

Next Sunday evening, May 27, the second preliminary meeting of the Congress will be held in the First Christian church, Grand boulevard and 47th street, with an address by the pastor, Prof. Herbert L. Willett, D. D., and also by Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, D. D.

Sunday, June 3, the "Congress Broadside" will be heard in a large number of pulpits, of which announcement will be made next week. Monday, June 4, 11 to 12:30, reception and inspection of Abraham Lincoln Centre, followed by lunch in Emerson Hall. At 1:45 p. m. Dr. H. W. Thomas, president of the Congress, will call the twelfth annual session to order, present a brief word of greeting and appoint business committees. At 2 p. m. Mr. Louis W. Post, editor of *The Public,* will read a paper on "The Weaknesses of the Church," and Dr. W. P. Merrill, minister of the Sixth Presbyterian church, a paper on "The Opportunity of the Church." Then the question of the mission and future of the church will be opened to voluntary discussion. At 4:30 Miss Anna Nichols, of "The Neighborhood House" (67th and May streets settlement), will speak of the conditions under which women and children work, bringing some labor leaders to testify and describe. Supper will be served at 6 p. m. by ladies of All Souls church, through whose kindness all the hospitalities of Lincoln Centre are extended free of charge. The evening program will include addresses by Dr. R. W. McLaughlin, First Congregational church, Grand Rapids; Dr. Z. T. B. Phillips, rector Trinity church, Chicago, and two other speakers conditionally secured.

The Tuesday forenoon meetings at Chicago Commons and Hull House will include addresses by Miss Addams, Miss McDowell and Professor Taylor. Afternoon at Union Park Congregational church speakers will be Mr. Chas. Ball, Tenement House Inspector under Low administration, New York City; Judge Mack, considered the greatest expert on juvenile crime today, and some others not positively arranged. The evening speakers are partly secured and the program will very certainly be a strong one.

Wednesday forenoon the meetings will be held at University Congregational church and will include a discussion of the New Bible and the new problems in relation to teaching in Sunday school and pulpit, and "The College Man and the Church," in relation to the college and the university. We expect Prof. W. D. McClintock, of Chicago University; Dr. E. G. Updike, of Madison, and other speakers. The lunch at 12:30 will be at University Commons. In the afternoon at Haskell Hall, University, Prof. Geo. B. Foster will speak to the topic "The Modern Conception of God," and Prof. Gerald Birney Smith on the "Critical Point in Theology Today." The afternoon will be given to voluntary discussion until 5 p. m., when we go to the University Settlement, where tea will be served to Congress guests and the new "Davis Square" opened to inspection. The evening meeting at Forty-first St. Presbyterian church will make manifest the duty and opportunity of "Religion for the World." Some speakers of national repute have conditionally agreed to come and full announcement will be made next week.

C. A. O.

The Dayton Tri-Union Plan

Not all Congregationalists are sure the union of the three denominations which adopted a plan of unification at Dayton, Ohio, some months ago, is possible and wise. At the Illinois State Meeting at Oak Park recently, there was a spirited debate over the matter and not a few prominent ministers and laymen were opposed to the Dayton Plan. Objections were made to the surrender of the name Congregational for "United Church" and to the acceptance of a "President" who shall give his whole time to the churches of a district, lest that should seem to establish the authority of a Bishopric. Of course, it was replied, the church will remain "Congregational" in fact, whatever it is called, and while the autonomy of the individual church is preserved, no autocracy can come. At last the following resolutions, presented by our good friend, Dr. David Beaton, were carried by a very large majority.

The ministers and delegates of the Congregational churches of the state of Illinois, assembled at Oak Park, desire to express their gratitude to God for the spirit of Christian union which has found expression in the conference held at Dayton, Ohio.

First, that we rejoice in the evidence of substantial agreement in fundamental Christian belief, as fittingly voiced in the symbol known as the Dayton creed.

Second, that we rejoice in the unanimous and enthusiastic affirmation of the autonomy of the local church as the fundamental principle of the polity of the proposed united church.

Third, that in the construction and articulation of the ecclesiastical polity, which may be necessary to give organic form to the union, nothing should be introduced inconsistent with this fundamental principle.

Fourth, with this feature of the church's autonomy and fellowship safeguarded, we express our cordial approval of the principle of union and are agreeable to any practical arrangements that may promote the work of the kingdom of God and the spiritual union of the members of Christ.

And, finally, that we appoint a committee of five on union to prepare a plan of polity to be submitted next year to this

association, and to submit the plan to the National Council, and that it be empowered to send its statement to the committee on polity of the union conference, and that the members of this committee shall be made a part of the state delegation to the next union conference.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Rate Bill.

The passage of the railway rate bill by the Senate with only three dissenting votes is certainly a great personal victory for the President and a notable evidence of the power of public sentiment. A number of provisions added to the bill during its progress through the Senate are in line with popular demands, such as the rigid limitation of the issuance of passes, the designation of pipe lines, sleeping car lines and express companies as common carriers, subject to federal supervision, and the punishing of rebating by fine and imprisonment. Just how effective the new act may be will be an open question until it has been put to the practical test. Ample provision is certainly made for a court review of any rate decisions that may be complained of, although the President maintains that nothing has been added in this regard that was not already implied in the Hepburn bill. Mr. Roosevelt was on the point of closing an arrangement to secure the passage with Democratic support of a bill with a much more limited court review clause, when a series of amendments, drafted by Senator Allison, was accepted by the dominant group among the Republican senators, whereupon he suddenly broke off his negotiations with the Democrats and threw his influence on the side of the Allison amendments, thus securing practical unanimity upon the final vote. For this action he has been sharply criticized by the more radical rate-regulation men. Whether it was a blunder or a master stroke the issue alone can determine.

The Chandler Altercation.

A most unfortunate incident in connection with this sudden change of tactics on the part of the President, and one from which he cannot be said to emerge with flying colors, is his declaration over the telephone that a quotation of a remark of his by former Senator Chandler, who was acting as intermediary between him and Senator Tillman, was "a deliberate and unqualified falsehood." The remark was to the effect that he had reached a final disagreement with certain senators whom he mentioned by name as enemies of genuine rate regulation. Senator Chandler's reply, maintaining the correctness of his report of the President's words, is dignified and restrained and carries conviction to the reader. It is one of the faults of Mr. Roosevelt that he is too ready to brand as liars, men of character who do not happen to remember things just as he does. On the face of the returns an apology seems to be due to Mr. Chandler.

The Douma.

With unanimity rendered all the more impressive by the courteous withdrawal of five members who were unable to assent to certain details, the Russian Douma has adopted its reply to the address from the throne, a communication in which the leading note is an uncompromising demand for political amnesty as an absolute prerequisite for any further deliberations on its part. The refusal of this demand by the Czar, which seems likely, would probably be followed by the dissolution of the Douma. The whole world is wondering if the Czar can still be so blinded as not to see that the only solution is in representative constitutional government for Russia.

Pennsylvania Railway Corruption.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, after hearing in Chicago statements from former employees of the Standard Oil Company as to the dishonest methods in things small and great which have permeated the entire business of that company, has transferred the scene of its labors to Philadelphia, and has opened up another cesspool of business corruption in connection with the Pennsylvania railroad. It was only necessary to scratch the surface apparently to discover a trail of graft extending from the highest officials to some of the humblest employees of the road. One of the commonest methods of obtaining favors from the road's officials has been through the presentation to them quietly of shares of stock in various corporations which have occasion to use its shipping facilities. In most cases there seems to have been no agreement as to just what return should be made. There was need of none. An official who had accepted such a gift would be reasonably certain to be "friendly." By these methods men whose salaries were not more than $5,000 have managed to accumulate fortunes amounting up into the millions. It is all simply a carrying of the principle of the "tipping" system into business dealings on a great scale. This latest investigation has perhaps produced more consternation among railroad officials than anything that has occurred thus far.

A Disgraceful Surrender.

The one blot on the record of the country in its response to the San Francisco disaster has been the disgraceful surrender of the Traders Insurance Company, of Chicago. Every person connected with that corporation ought to feel the blush of shame mounting to his cheeks. Stockholders who for years have drawn big dividends from a business that was expressly organized to meet fire risks, call for a receivership in the hour when that risk has become a reality, instead of assessing themselves or increasing their capital stock, as could readily have been done. The shame of this surrender is particularly great in a city like Chicago, which is always boasting of its enterprise and which has within its own history the memory of a great conflagration.

Two Eminent Citizens.

We make belated mention this week of the loss to the country of two such men as Carl Schurz and Edwin Burritt Smith. These men stood for character, thoughtfulness and high standards of moral principle in public life. Mr. Schurz, during most of his long life, has been simply a private citizen, oftenest lifting his voice in protest against existing public policies, but none the less he has been a distinct force in American politics. The power which he represented was not that of an "organization," but simply the power of conscience and moral ideals. Mr. Smith was a man of the same sturdy type, and his death in the prime of life cuts short a career of great usefulness. Such men of character and independence and absolute fearlessness are the greatest assets of a nation.

Traction Peace in Sight.

An era of unwonted harmony seems to have arrived in Chicago traction matters. The companies have signified their acceptance of Mayor Dunne's post-election letter to Chairman Werno as a basis for their negotiations with the city, and rapid progress is being made towards the achievement of the necessary improvements in the service. Steps will be taken at once to lower the tunnels and trolleyize the cable systems. The strong hand of the Mayor's new traction counsel, Mr. Fisher, is plainly visible in these developments.

A Labor Union Crime.

The slugging in Chicago on one of the down-town streets in broad daylight of Mr. W. S. Edwards, head of an establishment where a strike was prevailing, is the kind of an act which causes labor union stock to fall rapidly in any community. Whoever did the act, the labor leaders are the ones responsible for it, through the spirit they are encouraging in their men. Instead of actively joining in the effort to discover and punish the guilty party, they are satisfied with disclaiming responsibility. So far from being obnoxious to organized labor, Mr. Edwards has been known as particularly friendly and considerate in his attitude. His sole offense was that in this instance, his company did not see fit to surrender to the demands of the unions.

A Politician's Primary Law.

The Illinois legislature, summoned in special session, has produced a primary law which is of advantage to nobody except the politicians. A law of that type, saddling the expense of party primaries upon the public and compelling citizens who would vote in them to declare affiliation with one party or another, only intrenches the party system more strongly at the very time when the best citizens are trying to find means to do away with it. This law takes it for granted that every citizen is also a partisan, when, as a matter of fact, the best citizens are not partisans at all. That is a fundamental objection to any primary law of a partisan character. In this particular law the abomination of the party convention, with its endless dickerings and log-rollings, is left substantially untouched, inasmuch as the "direct primary" feature is binding only on the first ballot. It is just about such a law as the legislature of politicians would naturally evolve, and every man who voted for it ought to be confronted with that fact when next he comes before his constituents.

W. B. T.

We should be trying to find out not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them.—*Ruskin.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—I came to see that the idea of Humanity is the core of religion, the core of the spiritual fact.

MON.—Man's spirit needs a ground higher than the nature-ground. For his deeper and dormant nature is not wolfish: it is brotherly.

TUES.—We are here to evolve rational and immortal souls, and to perfect them in the practice of the social and heroic virtues.

WED.—Above men is the ideal man; and above our poor, imperfect social order, shines the radiant ideal of the Free State, fixed and forever beautiful.

THURS.—Men are asking, "Where is God?" The answer is, "God is where men find him."

FRI.—Providence is latent: let us bring it forth by social effort—the effort that is prayer.

SAT.—Our effort to build and fortify the virtue of the world will build and fortify our own.

—*From "What Life Means to Me," by Edwin Markham, in The Cosmopolitan.*

Country Life

Happy the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Every verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The singing-birds on him bring slumber down,
The singing-birds awake him, fluting sweet,
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.

His straw-deck'd thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
Than golden halls of state
Or beds of down afford.

To him the plumy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or pease, or grains.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born—
The cradle of the boy
With heavenly flowers strewed.

—*Goethe.*

Domestic Mythology

A SUGGESTIVE STATEMENT OF ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF THE HOME MAKER.

Let us begin with one especially dominant domestic myth, that fondly cherished, popular idea, "the privacy of the home." In the home who has any privacy?

Privacy means the decent seclusion of the individual, the right to do what one likes unwatched, uncriticised, unhindered.

Neither father, mother nor child has this right at home. The young man sitting up in "chambers," the young woman in college room or studio, at least they realize what privacy is, at least they have a right to be alone. The home does provide some privacy for the family as a lump—but it remains a lump—there is no privacy for the individual.

When homes and families began this was enough, people were simple, unspecialized, their tastes and wishes were similar. It is not enough today.

The father, being the economic base of the whole structure, has most power in this direction; but in ninety-nine cases in a hundred he has taken his place and his work outside. In the one hundredth case, where some artist, author, or clergyman has to do his work at home—what is his opinion then of the privacy of that sacred place?

The artist flees to a studio apart, if possible; the author builds him a "den" in his garden, if he can afford it; the clergyman strives mightily to keep "the study" to himself, but even so the family, used to herding, finds it hard to respect anybody's privacy, and resents it.

The mother—poor, invaded soul—finds even the bathroom door no bar to hammering little hands. From parlor to kitchen, from cellar to garret, she is at the mercy of children, servants, tradesmen and callers. So chased and trodden is she that the very idea of privacy is lost to her mind; she never had any, she doesn't know what is is, and she cannot understand why her husband should wish any "reserves," any place or time, any thought or feeling, with which she may not make free.

The children, if possible, have less even than the mother. Under the close, hot focus of loving eyes, every act magnified out of all natural proportion by the close range, the child soul begins to grow.

Noticed, studied, commented on, and incessantly interfered with; forced into miserable self-consciousness by this unremitting glare, our little ones grow up permanently injured in character by this lack of one of humanity's most precious rights—privacy.—From *The Home,* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The Music That Carries

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
O, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard, at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

—*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

Proverbs from Poor Richard's Almanack

One mend-fault is worth two find-faults, but one find-fault is better than two make-faults.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

Every little makes a mickle.

Hear no ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy.

To err is human, to repent divine; to persist devilish.

Glass, China and Reputation are easily cracked, and never well mended.

For want of nail the shoe is lost; for want of shoe the horse is lost; for want of a horse the rider is lost.

A word to the wise is enough, and many words won't fill a bushel.

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries. —*Benjamin Franklin.*

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EPARTMENT EDITORS: CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

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Foreign Notes

AN APPEAL FROM RUSSIAN WOMEN.—The Baroness von Suttner, president of the Austrian Peace Society, whose famous book, "Ground Arms!" long since gave her world-wide celebrity, and is said to have inspired the czar to call the first Hague Conference, gives to the press the following appeal addressed to her by a committee of Russian women. She withholds the names of the signers, knowing well the danger they would run; and, powerless to aid them herself, she asks the European press to give voice to this great distress by reproducing the appeal.

I translate from a French version made for the *Signal de Paris* and reproduced in the *Signal de Genève:*

Russia groans under a tyranny which has no parallel in history. Certain barons and counts, with the aid of a number of individuals of low class, have possessed themselves of an authority which they use with a cruelty and an infamy that surpass that of the Inquisition, the Middle Ages or the time of Ivan the Terrible. They have at their command the police, the army, the clergy and the brandy monopoly. All grades of the police, fortified by the "Black Hundred," representing the most degraded of the populace, in the pay of the administration and blessed by the clergy, are launched against the students, the Jews and the revolutionaries, smiting and killing all whom they suspect.

At a sign from an officer, the bayonets are always ready to transfix the first citizen who happens along. In the provinces, whole villages are surrounded and set on fire, the inhabitants who escape from the flames being shot by the soldiers.

The government intends to destroy, root and branch, all that is displeasing to it, and our children, our girls and boys, are coming to know by experience the fists of the gendarmes, the bayonets of the soldiers and the negaïka of the Cossacks. The newspaper, *Naschi Dni* (Our Times) in No. 5 recounts the following facts:

The police having found some children in the street, beat them. Then some Cossacks and drunken good-for-nothings came along and the police set them on the children. The little schoolgirls were stripped of their clothing and with feet up and heads down received between the legs the blows of a riding whip. The boys were tossed in the air and when they fell were kicked and trampled by heavy boots. When their entrails protruded, these miserable fellows cried ironically, "They have the colic!"

An eye-witness tells in another paper, *Wetscheoraja Poschta*, that on the principal square in the midst of the city of Kostrowa, schoolgirls were violated and the skin was torn from their skulls by the braids of their hair; the young boys were tossed into cesspools. Everywhere but in Russia, we may say, children, at least, have been spared in the storms of revolution.

It may be thought that the people whom the government employs for these monstrosities are savage and cruel. Not at all; in their normal condition, when they are not drunk, these men are kind and compassionate. But the government, which has little by little plunged them into a condition of material and moral misery, finishes them with alcohol and then uses them as its blindly obedient instruments. "Go kill your neighbor," they are told; "the czar and God are with you," and they do it without reflecting that those they are set upon are peaceable people, women and children. They are paid for what they do, are treated as heroes and receive promotion.

To restore order, the government thinks it necessary to increase the number of prisons, gendarmes and police. There already are too many of them all. The revenues of the state, after having been systematically plundered, no longer suffice for so many expenses, and the government seeks abroad the money necessary to prolong its existence. It puts the best face on a bad matter in order to maintain its prestige and to hope for the assistance of European capitalists. It wrathfully strangles what life there still is in Russia and telegraphs abroad that the revolution is suppressed and

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Old Guard

We are in receipt of a letter inclosing two dollars to renew subscription to UNITY, with the statement:

"I have taken Unity since it was started."
G. KARNER, Quincy, Ill.

Inquiry of our Senior Editor elicits the fact that there are not a few included in this list. We should like to publish the names of those who have subscribed for this paper for *over 28 years.* Will our friends kindly send us the names of this *Old Guard* of our Leader?

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order is reëstablished. It would also have it believed that the condition of the people is improved by the granting of the Douma. That is thought to be a parliament. But special precautions have been taken for the occasion. When the time to vote comes, a state of siege is proclaimed nearly everywhere, the press ceases to exist, printing establishments are closed and all meetings are forbidden. Only the autocratic government party will enjoy any liberty. The police will search more than ever, will confiscate everything suspected, with the least possible discernment, taking possession for its people of all objects of value.

The new chief of police of Moscow, Reinhold, told his subordinates that much zeal in seeking grounds for suspicion of individuals is not displeasing. Chiefs of that stamp are legion in Russia. Not to speak of the Jews and the Poles, who are still more maltreated, not a day passes that dozens, yes, hundreds, of peaceable citizens are not shot or crowded into prisons already full from cellar to garret, without air, without light and almost without food. There they remain for months, a prey to vermin, to rats, to disease, in indescribable filth, most of them in ignorance why they are there. Many times it is simply for having shown compassion to some wounded one or for having succored a famished one on the street.

At Moscow, the hospitals of the Red Cross have been partially demolished, and doctors, sisters of mercy and nurses have been imprisoned.

All this is done by order of authorities who will have it that he who binds up the wounds of a revolutionary is a revolutionary himself. We know numerous cases where wounded have been finished with a sabre thrust rather than leave them to the Red Cross. Prisoners languish in dungeons without a hearing, without even being informed of the reason for their imprisonment. Many go mad; others in despair starve themselves to death.

All this is going on in the twentieth century, in Europe, under the eyes of people who call themselves Christian and civilized. Is it possible that the best elements, at least, of our European society can remain impassive in view of these facts? Is it possible that the people who proclaimed the "rights of man" and the Habeas Corpus will not grow indignant at these insults to all that is noblest in the human soul, pity for the weak trampled under foot by the strong, honor, dignity and right to humanity?

Is it not possible that the phalanx that compelled the Russian government to release Maxim Gorky will raise its voice in defense of these innumerable martyrs who languish in prison for having desired for themselves and for their fellow-citizens the title of man instead of slave?

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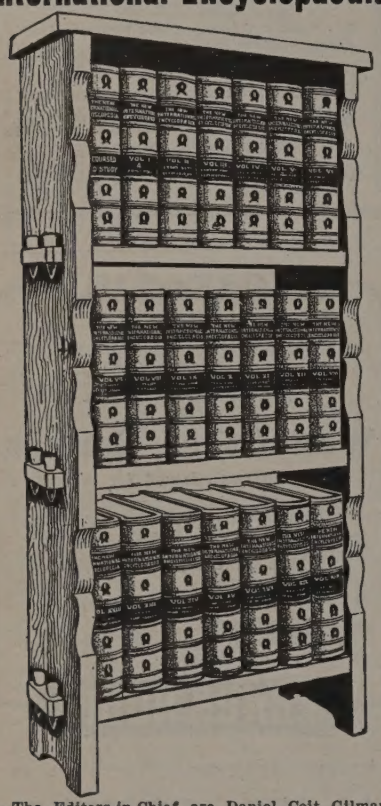

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and always a finished orator and writer, Carl Schurz's career, from his birth at Cologne, Germany, to his death in New York, was an eventful, varied, and dramatic one. The freshly opened grave of such a man is not the place for a judicial estimate of his character. It must suffice to say that all his faults as a publicist grew out of a temperament too uncompromisingly idealistic. This made it difficult for him to work in organizations, for always the platform of the organization is a compromise between extremes. To this is to be attributed the fact that his employments as editor were always short-lived; that as United States Senator he was more interesting than influential; and that as Secretary of the Interior he left no such mark upon the policy of the Government as was left by William C. Whitney in his reorganization of the navy, or by John Hay in his transformation of diplomatic methods. Mr. Schurz's best service to the country was rendered by his voice and by his pen. As writer and orator he was often keenly critical, sometimes genuinely inspirational; and both as a critic and an inspirer he rendered great and needed service to his country. He did much by his criticisms to expose public abuses, and by his ideals to elevate National ideals. As civil service reformer he did much to improve our archaic and corrupt civil service and to put it upon a higher plane. As an independent before the days of independence, he did much to promote in the Nation the spirit which puts country above party, and so to destroy the despotic power of the boss and the machine. Critics might question the practicability of his methods, as *The Outlook* has sometimes done, but no one could question the unselfishness of his devotion to his adopted country, the non-partisan temper of his critical judgments, and the nobility of his political ideals. "You may tell me," he said in a speech in Faneuil Hall years ago, "that my views are visionary, that the destiny of this country is less exalted, that the American people are less great than I think they are or ought to be. I answer, ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring man on the deserts of water, you choose them as your guides, and following them you reach your destiny."

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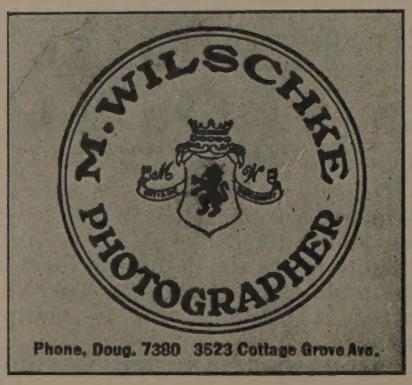

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